

Chapter 4

Day Twenty

Closing my eyes, I relaxed my entire body.

I felt Mom's hands on my shoulder, squeezing, applying the right amount of pressure, and I sighed as she made her way down my back, her skillful fingers doing God's work.

"Feeling better?" The beautiful voice of my mother entered my ears.

I could only groan in reply. She was getting *really* good with her hands. But she could always improve. My back wasn't the only part of me that needed her skills.

"Tell me when you feel relaxed enough." I could tell Mom was getting tired. She probably wanted to retire for the night, but unfortunately for her, I had to delay her nighttime routine.

"Okay, we're done," I told her, and immediately she let go of me. With a groan, she started to stand up.

"Wait," I said, and she looked at me, her tired eyes wanting nothing but sleep. I would give her what she wanted.

"Yeah?"

I stood up, ready to catch her. "Sleepy time, Mom."

Laying Mom down on the couch, I grabbed a chair and got to work.

"Mom, you have been giving me massages every night. I love it. I love you, and I think you're a great mother for doing that." I let the praise sink in before continuing. "Are you happy to hear that?"

Mom was a superb subject. Her replies were always swift, and her voice was always a complete monotone.

"Yes."

"You're a good mother because I think you're a good mother. Does that make sense?."

"Yes."

"You're a good mother."

"Yes."

"But you want to be a better mother to me. You want to be perfect like Grace."

"Yes."

"Grace also gives her son massages every evening when he comes back home. Grace is a good mother." Pausing, I studied my unconscious mother, admiring just how beautiful she was. Smooth skin, full lips, no visible flaws on her gorgeous face. "Do you think Grace is a good mother?"

"Yes."

Okay. It was time to deliver the heavy hitter.

"Grace gives her son the best massages. Her son loves it. It relaxes him. It unloads all his stress that he has been accumulating throughout the day. Isn't Grace an amazing mother?"

"She is."

"Wouldn't you want to be like Grace?"

"Yes."

I smiled. "You want to be Grace."

"Yes."

"Do you want to give me massages just like how Grace gives her son massages?"

Mom took a couple of seconds to answer that.

"Yes."

"Do you want to know how Grace gives her son massages?"

"Yes."

"What if I told you how Grace massages her son? Would you want to do that if it meant making me feel better?"

Mom hesitated. But her 'Yes' came a few seconds later.

Okay. This might not be as smooth sailing as I thought. Time to switch directions, ease her into what I wanted to deliver.

"Mom, do you know how masseurs in Thailand do their job?"

"... no."

"The masseurs there do a full body massage. They would massage their client's back, shoulders, head, legs, and *cocks*."

I tried my best not to hesitate in saying the last word. Mom could only hear my voice and nothing else, so I always needed to sound authoritative.

Thankfully, Mom didn't react. She stayed silent, laying on the couch, her eyes closed, her chest rising and falling steadily.

"Do you think that is weird, Mom? That the masseurs in Thailand do full body massages?"

Her brow furrowed a little.

Not good.

"A... little."

"Why do you think that it's weird?"

Her hypnotized brain took a while to process the question. But when she finally replied, I was ready to change her vulnerable views.

Debating her wouldn't be the way to go. I needed to detour her thoughts in a way that made her question her current views.

"Because..." Another long pause. "Because... it's wrong."

"Why is it wrong?"

"Because... it just is."

"The client is getting a massage, just on a different body part. The client gets an intense moment of relief. Isn't that the whole point of a massage?"

"I... I guess so."

“Do you still think that it’s weird?”

“Uhh...” I watched as saliva formed on the edge of her pink lips. When she lapsed into silence, I knew I was winning.

She didn’t know why she thought it was weird. There was a hole in her defense.

“Mom...” I said. “What is the whole point of a massage? Isn’t it to relax the person getting the massage?”

“Yes.”

“A masseur massages her client’s private body parts and gives him intense relief and relaxation. Isn’t that a massage? Didn’t the masseur do her job?”

“I...” Her brows furrowed again, but then slowly, Mom relaxed. “Yes.”

Got her.

“Giving a handjob is part of the massage.”

Mom was silent, and I thought I had to do another ring around the rosie. I sighed my frustrations out, but then her lips parted.

“Yes.”

I pumped my fist in a silent celebration.

“Giving a hand job is part of a massage.”

“Yes.”

“A masseur giving her client a handjob is just doing her job.”

“Yes.”

“It is not weird for a masseur to give her client a handjob.”

“Yes.”

I sucked in a breath. Here goes nothing.

“If Grace gives her son a massage, at that moment, she is acting as a masseur, right?”

I could hear the pounding of my heart. The ticking of the clock suddenly sounded ten times louder.

I was hyper focused on Mom's lips. Every time they moved, I swore my heart skipped a beat.

Her lips parted. Closed. Parted again.

Then her monotone voice came through.

"Yes."

I almost burst out into a cheer.

"Grace is acting as a masseur when she gives her son a massage."

Her reply was near instant time. "Yes."

Should I say what was on my mind? I had to. There was no way about it.

"If Grace gives her son a full body massage, massaging his shoulders, neck, legs, back, and cock is part of the massage."

Yet again, an instant reply.

"Yes."

I shouldn't give too much attention to the part. I should say it like it was part of the package and normal. If I give too much power to the word, even though hypnotized, her numb mind might catch on to it.

But I had to be sure.

"Mom, you want to give me massages like Grace does to her son."

"Yes."

"Grace starts by massaging her son's neck and temples." Breathing was getting difficult. I was so fucking excited. "The next time you start your massages. Where do you massage me first?"

"Your neck and temples."

“Good, you’re a good mother.”

“Thank you.”

I smiled. “After that, Grace focuses her massage on her son’s shoulder and back. Mom, where do you move on next?”

“Your shoulder and back.”

“Good. Then Grace moves on to her son’s legs and feet, and finishes the massages with her son’s cock.” I gulped. “Where do you move on next?”

“Your legs and feet.”

Come on. Say it.

“And then, where... where do you finish your massage?”

“Your cock.”

My own cock throbbed at her words. Okay, move on. Pretend it’s normal.

“Good, Mom.” I cleared my throat. “That is the proper way to massage me. So, the next time you massage, you will follow what Grace does. Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” I nodded and blew out a long breath. Hopefully, she followed through with her promise. “Good.”

Day Twenty-one

The next day

I had the longest day in the office.

Was last night a success?

Was Mom actually okay with giving me a handjob?

Would I actually go home to the massage of my life?

All these thoughts run rampant in my mind and I couldn't focus on my real clients.

But after an eternity, I finally made it to closing time, and I didn't even bother with the paperwork. I just switched off the lights, locked the doors, and rushed to my car.

The road. Traffic. Cars. Smoke.

Fuck.

I finally made it back. My hands were shaking so much as I fished my keys out of my pocket. I guessed I didn't pick the right key the first time because the lock wouldn't budge, but then I heard footsteps, and seconds later, the front door opened.

Even in simple clothes, just a blouse and oversized long pants, Mom looked *gorgeous*.

She greeted me with a smile and stepped aside to let me in. I could feel sweat on my back as I entered. My heart was beating at a thousand beats a minute, and my mind was a complete mess.

"Dinner's ready," Mom said softly as she locked the front door. "You look tired."

"I am," I said, my voice hoarse, throat tight. "I'm so beat."

"Come." Mom started walking to the kitchen. "Eat your dinner."

"Mom—"

She stopped and turned around. "Hmm?"

"Maybe you could, umm... give me a massage first? I'm not that hungry, but I'm really tired."

I prepared for objections, but I was pleasantly surprised when Mom just nodded, smiled, then nodded over to the couches.

I headed there, Mom following right behind me.

I sat down and turned my back to her. Mom sat down behind me, and a second later, her hands were on my nape, her fingers warm and amazing.

"That's nice..." I breathed, closing my eyes as she started with my neck and temples.

“Relax, darling,” Mom told me. “I know you’re tired, but that’s why I’m here. To help you.”

“Yes,” I sighed. “I love that. You’re a great mother.”

I couldn’t see her, but I knew that made her smile.

For the next twenty minutes, Mom followed her programming. After a while, she moved on to my shoulders, then my back.

When it was time for her to go on her knees and massage my feet, I couldn’t keep my eyes closed. I was staring at the TV screen right ahead, and I didn’t even know what was playing because all my focus was on the beautiful woman on her knees below me.

Mom used a thumb to apply pressure against the flat of my feet. It actually felt *amazing* and I had to bite back a moan as she continued the best massage in my life.

But as time passed, and she finally dropped her foot to the ground, I stilled.

Mom looked nervous, too. She looked at me, rubbed her neck, and then I caught her attention switching to my hard on just for a second.

“Umm...” Mom coughed into her fist. “Darling?”

I pretended to continue watching the TV, but I couldn’t keep myself from stammering.

“Y-Yeah?”

“Umm...” Mom looked away. “I’ve been noticing that recently, whenever I’m massaging you, you... you know. It’s a bit awkward.”

“Oh.” I pretended to act surprised, but I didn’t close my legs or try to hide my erection. The last thing I wanted was to give her a negative response. “Umm... I think it’s normal.”

“Yeah.” My mother nodded quickly. “It’s normal.”

“Mm hmm.” We locked eyes, but it was just only for a second before Mom quickly looked away again.

There was just the most awkward silence ever, but then Mom cleared her throat and mustered up the courage to continue the conversation.

“So...” Mom was trying her best not to give me any eye contact. She kept looking past me or she would turn around and look at the television screen while she talked. “I’m going to

continue my massage, and I just heard about how masseurs in Thailand do a proper full body massage.”

I bit my lips. “That sounds great.”

“So...” She cleared her throat. “To do a full body massage...”

She lapsed into silence, and I could tell Mom wanted to just leave the conversation, so I carried it on.

“You mean my cock?”

Mom's eyes went wide, and she started laughing, but I stayed firm, wanting to maintain the illusion that this was normal, and for her to ‘massage’ my cock was completely in line with her acts of service.

“It makes sense, Mom.” She looked at me, surprise filling her beautiful brown eyes, and I returned her smile. “I’m actually very frustrated, you know, not having a girlfriend and stuff, so I think this would... this would really help me a lot.”

“It would?” Mom sounded like she didn’t believe me.

She was just trying to give her the confirmation that what she was implying was extreme, and I guessed she expected me to laugh along with the idea and back out.

There was no way I was backing out. She was either doing this now, or I was going to say the words to make her go limp.

Either way, I was going to make sure she follows through with giving me the best massage of my life.

“Yes.” I maintained my smile, then stood up on shaky legs. “Don’t worry about it, Mom. This is actually normal.”

I started to pull down my pants and Mom shrieked and looked away, covering her eyes with both her palms. It was annoying to have her do that, and I pulled my boxers down too, exposing my rock hard cock to the cool air.

“Mom... it’s okay.” I tried to sound calm and patient. “It’s okay. Look.”

Slowly, very slowly, she turned back to me, then with another gasp, she peeked at me through her fingers.

“See?” I sat back down. “It’s just another body part, Mom. Don’t worry about it.”

“Uhh...” Her hands were still covering her eyes. “Umm...”

“Mom,” I sighed. “It’s okay. Put your hands down.”

Showing my cock to my own mother was the opposite of anything being okay, but her views of the world were slowly changing, and I loved to see the progress I was making on her.

Hesitantly, she started to bring her hands down. It took a long while, but finally, Mom was gawking at my cock with her brown eyes.

“Eun...”

“Hmm?”

“I...” She coughed. “Nothing. Umm... I guess I’ll continue your massage.”

“Go ahead.” I shot her an encouraging smile. “Honestly, you’re a great mother for this.”

“Really?” She seemed so unsure as she slowly shifted back to me. “Are you sure this is normal?”

“It is. You’re just giving me a massage, Mom.” I didn’t need to act to sound annoyed. “It’s just a massage, just on another body part. There’s no difference.”

Mom still looked extremely hesitant. She couldn’t keep her eyes off my dick. I was so stiff and hard, and I was actually leaking pre-cum at my tip. But Mom was slowly accepting this new situation.

She gulped, looked at me once more, sighed, then focused her browns back on my cock.

She reached for it. I couldn’t keep my eyes off her.

As soon as she made contact, I couldn’t help it but let out the tiniest moan—just a brief whoosh of air. But that was enough for Mom to squeal and jerk her hand back.

Damn. This was annoying.

“Are you okay?” Mom said, her voice so high-pitched. “Did I hurt you?”

“Mom—” I took a moment to compose myself. I was breathing so heavy—almost panting. “It’s okay. I’m okay. P-Please—continue.”

“Umm...” Meekly, she reached for my cock again, and when her fingers touched my foreskin, I grit my teeth and tried my absolutely best to remain silent.

If I thought her fingers felt good before, this was...

Oh god, this felt *amazing*.

Holy shit, her fingers were so warm, and when my cock jerked up when I felt her thumb, Mom squealed a high pitch squeal and let go of me.

She glanced at me, saw how annoyed I was, then brought her hand back to my cock. She was less tentative this time. Her fingers gripped my base in a light grip, and as her fingers closed around me, I almost bought a migraine to myself with how hard I was clenching my teeth.

“Am I...” I never heard Mom so unsure of herself. “Am I doing this... right?”

“You are,” I breathed, my voice so hoarse, my nerves frazzled. I was so sensitive, and every time Mom moved her fingers, I received a whole body shock. “Mom, you’re doing amazing. I love it.”

I was lying. She was doing it all *wrong*, but it doesn’t matter. This was my beautiful mother, and she was...

She was actually touching my cock.

Mom bit her bottom lip, and the sexy sight had my cock jerking up. Mom gasped at that, her eyes going wide as she slowly and tenderly stroked me up and down.

“Mom...” I whispered, rolling my head back as I closed my eyes, sparks of pleasure lighting me up. It was clear it had been an eternity since Mom had been with a man. Her nails scraped my sensitive foreskin, her fingers had too light of a grip, and she was giving me the most tentative handjob in human existence.

It felt like she was barely just touching me, but all of that didn’t matter.

“So...” Mom sounded so unsure of herself. “Am I... doing good?”

“Yes...” I heaved, flickering my eyelids open. I saw Mom staring back at me. I have never seen her like that, so unsure, so anxious.

So eager to please me.

She was still biting her bottom lip in that nervous way and the combination of that and the feeling of her fingers sliding across my cock was too much for me.

When I groaned my pleasure out and cum started spurting out from my tip, Mom panicked. She shrieked, but thankfully, she never left my cock. Instead, she tightened her grip, and that had me cumming even harder.

It was like I had no control over my body. My groans filled up the room, I was shooting cum everywhere, and my body was spasming so much, I thought I was going to pass out.

“Mom—FUCK!”

Mom was breathing heavily too. She continued jacking me off, and I was cumming more and more semen out until I was in a breathless, gasping heap on the couch.

“Oh my god...” Mom let go of my cock, but I was still rock hard, and I managed the energy to look up.

Mom was a vision. I had managed to spurt some of my cum onto her hair, and one side of her neck was coated in my seed. She seemed in shock, wide-eyed, watching the absolute mess I had made on the couch.

“Sorry,” I gasped, my heart still going at a hundred miles a minute. “I—I’ll clean it up.”

“No.” She shook her head and dug her hands into her hair, coating her beautiful strands in more of my seed, her eyes still on all the whites on the ground. “I... I’ll do it. It—it’s my job.”

“Are you okay, mom?”

“Yeah. yeah.” She finally afforded a look back at me. “Is... is this normal, Eun? There’s so... much!”

“Yeah,” I lied. “I don’t masturbate much, so I guess I’ve been holding my sexual frustrations for a long time now.”

“And...” Mom shook her head, and a cum dripped to the floor. “And... did—did I... did I help you?”

“You were amazing, Mom.” I gave her my best smile. “I never felt so relaxed and stress-free.”

“Oh.” Her eyes came down to her hands, and I guessed the realization of what she had done finally hit her. “Oh my god.”

"It's okay, Mom." Pulling up my pants, I dropped to the floor next to her. "This is normal. You're just helping me. This is just part of your massage to de-stress me. And I feel amazing. You did a great job."

"But..." Her breaths hadn't slowed down. "This feels wrong..." She glanced at me again. "Right?"

"No, this isn't wrong."

"Are... are you sure?"

"Yes."

I thought of putting Mom in a trance and getting her to accept my words then, but I gave her a chance, letting her come to that conclusion on her own.

"This is normal," Mom whispered, as if trying to convince herself. "This is normal."

"It is. Thank you, Mom. You're the best Mother ever."

"Oh..." She still seemed to be in shock. There was a faraway look to her eyes, but I knew from the way she was nodding to herself, she was coming to terms with the fact that she had just given her own son the best orgasm in his life. "... okay."

"I'll go serve myself dinner. You clean up." Leaning in, I gave her a peck on her cheek, making sure I wouldn't come in contact with my own cum. Then I left her and went to grab my home dinner.

This was still the beginning. Handjobs were going to be a regular occurrence, and then I'd go to the next level. Blowjobs, tit jobs, kissing, mutual masturbation.

Then eventually... sex.

Yeah. I had made up my mind. All bets were off.

I wanted her. *Badly.*

She had just given me the best orgasm of my life, and it was from a sloppy handjob. I couldn't imagine what would it be like if I actually fucked her.

Sorry, Mom.

